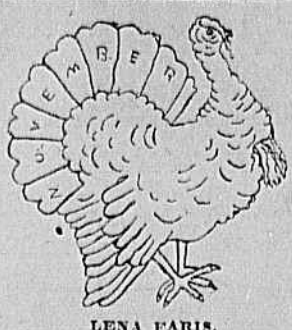




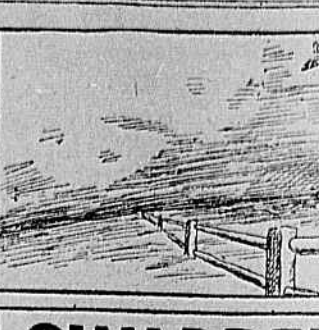
EDWARD DAVIS.



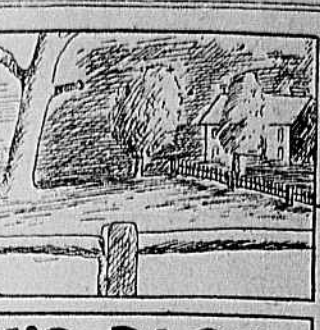
LENA FARIS.



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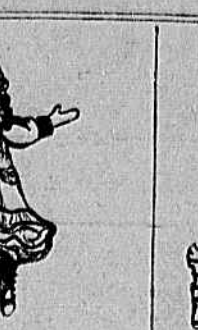
LENA FARIS.



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LENA FARIS.



LENA FARIS.



LENA FARIS.

CHILDREN'S PAGE NOVEMBER.

Editorial and Literary Department.

Advice to Little Club Members

My Dear Girls and Boys:

One of my little members seems to feel discouraged because, as she says, so little of what she sends appears in print. Her little sister also expresses disappointment over not seeing a picture in print.

Now, my dear girls and boys, I hope you know that your editor appreciates everything you send to the page and would like to put it all in every Sunday. But you see the trouble is there is just one page, and with so large a club as ours, we all make a selection that will, as nearly as we can, give each of our members a chance.

I think if we made up our minds to enjoy the work of others as well as our own, and to believe that the most and the best is always done for the better, the editor can be a feeling that what we do is not sufficiently appreciated will drop away from us.

Another member, a boy this time, wishes to know if he must be a club member to send in drawings. Yes, he must be, but his badge will be sent him this week, so that matter will be adjusted.

Then Theodore Coffman writes regarding the foundation of a Bridge-water College branch of The Times-Dispatch Boys' and Girls' Club. This is a new idea, but a good one, and the sooner the branch club is formed, the better the editor can be a feeling that what we do is not sufficiently appreciated will drop away from us.

Thanksgiving is drawing very near, and I do hope, dear boys and girls, you are going to have a happy time then. I hope you will remember meantime that you have a little sick club member, Blancha Anthony, at Ashland, and that you will, one and all, write and make her sure of your sympathy.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Aletha Hancock, Hamlet, N. C.
Miss Gay Len, 1821 Grove Avenue,
Marion F. Brown, 15 Pine Street,
Petersburg, Va.

CENTRAL PARK MEDALISTS.
John B. Woodville, Jr., Fayette, W. Va.
Miss Margaret Ropp, Shenandoah, Va.

WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Ambrose, Margaret Hancock, Aletha
Anthony, Blanche Ingalls, L. G.
Blaker, R. B. Kuper Stewart
Brown, Marion F. Ransom, Lyra V.
Barnow, Sarah V. Ridout, Abbot
Bennett, Rosella Leach, Genevieve
Coleman, John H. Meade, C. Keith
Coffman, Theo. Ropp, Margaret
Cooke, Frances Ransom, Lyra V.
Davis, J. Howard Spencer, Harold
Davis, Edward Spencer, Clarence A.
Davis, Grace G. Terry, Edgar
Faris, Lena N. Vincent, Wade H.
Gilliam, Mary A. Wilkins, Bruce,
Gates, Estelle Whitehurst, Ceila
Haden, Wilfred Zacharias, W.

CENTRAL PARK PETERSBURG, VA.
Central Park is situated near the
center of the city. It was given to the
city by Robert Bolling for the pur-
pose of making a park and was laid
off by Henry D. Bird, a civil engineer,
and a native of Philadelphia. One
square is in the shape of an Irish
square. Before it was made into a park
it was called Poplar Lawn and used
as a playground, and during the war
a hospital was built there. The park
fronts on South Sycamore Street, and
covers half a block.

There are three fountains, three
fountains, a bicycle circle, and
paths in the upper part of the park.
Many trees have been planted; among
them are maple, oak, elm, cedar, wil-
low, wild cherry, locust and sweet
sum.

At the foot of the first hill are a
path and three fountains, one of which
is just a stream running out of the
ground, and the others being led up
through pipes.

Four paths lead down a second hill.
At the foot is a branch, over which
two bridges are built.

When the park was laid out a lake
covered the lowest part of the park,
but it was thought to be unhealthy
and was filled in and trees and flowers
planted. A path leads around one
side of the branch, entering a path
which leads out of the park.

Mr. Mallory is the keeper. He has
an assistant, who keeps up the paths,
flowers and grass and keeps the park
clean.

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.
A FISHING PARTY.

We girls were invited by a crowd of
boys to take lunch and go fishing on
the banks of the Shenandoah River.
After fishing some time without any
luck we decided to take a boat and go
in the river.

We had fine luck, for some had four,
five and six fish. I had six.

we laughingly exclaimed.
MARGARET ROPP.
Shenandoah, Va.

KITTY'S THANKSGIVING.

"How tired I am of doing nothing,"
sighed a little girl wearily, as she
sat on the sofa one morning in Sep-
tember.

"I dare say," remarked her mother,
"nothing is more tiresome than idleness.
No one need expect to be happy
who only pleases herself."

"Mother," cried Kitty, her eyes
glistening with tears as she spoke, "you
don't think I like to lie here all this
fine weather with a sprained foot? And
how can I help any one so long as I
cannot move off this sofa?"

"Kitty, dear, listen to me quietly a
few moments and you will see what I
mean. Do you think because your foot
cannot run about all your other little
servants should be idle, too? What
have your hands been about all this
time? Have they been working for
the house? If you would be happy, my
daughter, set all these members to
work in earnest."

Kitty was very thoughtful all that
day, and when her mother came in at
night for the usual bedtime chat
she said: "Mother, I have thought of
what you said, and I know of some-
thing which, I, you are willing, I
would like to do. Do you remember
that sad story Aunt May told us the
other morning of poor Mrs. Wells,
whose husband was killed in the foundry?
She said there were seven chil-
dren who had hardly any clothes to
wear and cannot go to school any
longer. Do you think you could show
me how to knit them scarfs and mitts?
And maybe we could mend some of my
old clothes for them?"

"Yes, indeed, darling," replied her
mother, kissing her good night, "and
grandma and I will help you. I am
glad to see those hands hard at work."
Kitty could hardly wait for the
worried to be set up, which was to
be the first piece of work. How the
busy needles did fly! Early and late
the little girl worked, nor did her
tiredness lessen until all was finished,
and she surveyed with pleasure the
pile of warm scarfs and mittens laid
by in a box.

(To be concluded.)
GRACE DART DAVIS.
1216 West Cary Street, city.

THE MISER.

Scrooge and Marley had been part-
ners in a business firm for many years.
Marley had been dead seven years.
But his story begins, but an out-
sider would never have known it, for
old Scrooge had never painted his
name out.

Scrooge was as mean, stingy and
solitary as any one could be. One
Christmas day he was sitting in a lit-
tle room, was copying letters, when his
nephew came in a white dress and
merry Christmas. He told his nephew
that Christmas was a humbug, and
nothing but a time for paying bills.

His nephew knowing that
it would do no good to argue with
the matter any further, asked
Scrooge to come and take dinner with
him the next day, and made his de-
parture.

(To be continued.)
ALETHA HANCOCK.
Age 13.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

A dog, with a piece of meat in his
mouth, was crossing a narrow bridge
over a stream. Happening to look down
at the water he saw his own shadow
and thought it was another dog with
a piece of meat much larger than his
own. He opened his mouth to attack
the dog in the water, and so he
dropped what he had. He lost his own
piece of meat, which dropped into the
water, and the one he wanted was a
shadow.

Selected by
MARGARET AMBROSE.

SEEMED TO FORGET HIM.

Two lawyers once became very
angry with one another in a court-
room.

"You are the biggest idiot I ever
saw in my life," stormed one.
"Silence, silence," interposed the
judge. "You seem to forget that I
am in the room."

Selected by
MARGARET ROPP.
Shenandoah, Va.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

For some months before the fight at
Concord, which was the first great
battle of the Revolution, the people of
that place were in a state of great
excitement. Groups of grave-faced men
gathered every day around the tavern
stoop, and there was little work done
in the fields. The British were then
occupying Boston, and it was rumored
that they were on their way to de-
stroy the powder, ammunition and pro-
visions that were stored in Concord
for safe-keeping.

It was just such a message that lay
hidden under the eggs in the basket
which Little Tabitha carried on her
arm as she tripped along the country
road. Her uncle had an im-
portant communication for Squire Hosmer
at the other end of the town, and
as Tabitha was a brave, active, quick-
witted and patriotic girl she was in-
trusted with it. She had gone more
than half-way when two strangers
overtaken her and inquired for the re-
sidence of Farmer Bliss. Her heart gave
a big thump at this, for Bliss was a

well-known Tory. But she showed no
alarm beyond the modest blush in her
cheeks, and gave them the desired in-
formation, for which they thanked her
and hurried on.

There was something in the walk
and manner of the two men that told
they were soldiers, and by their ac-
cent she knew they were British. As
soon as they disappeared over the hill
soon as they had to reach her
destination, where she at once made
known to Squire Hosmer that two
suspicious strangers were on their way
to Farmer Bliss's house.

How to find out the strangers' er-
rand was an important question. "I
rand was an important question. "I
have it," said Mrs. Hosmer, "I'll just
send these eggs over to Mrs. Bliss by
Tabitha as soon as I can slip another
dress on the child, and while she rests
and gossips there she can keep her
ears and eyes open and learn all she
can."

When Tabitha reached the house she
found great preparations for a feast
going on. She delivered the eggs,
which were thankfully received; but
when she offered to help them, as they
were so busy, Mrs. Bliss told her they
could get along very well by them-
selves, and she would only be in the
way. And so Tabitha was gently but
firmly pushed out of the kitchen.

The little girl's cheeks and ears tin-
gled with vexation, but she was a de-
termined child. She had come to find
out what she could, and she did not
intend to be put off easily. As she
passed the front of the house she no-
ticed that a window stood open. Ap-
proaching carefully she peeped in and
saw a table set for four persons. It
was gay with silver tankards and fine
china, while a fine damask tablecloth
reached to the floor. As she looked
an idea popped into Tabitha's little
head. Why couldn't she hide under the
table and hear all that was said?

To think was to act, and the next mo-
ment she climbed through the low win-
dow and crept under the table. She
was just settling down, with the excep-
tion of the cat, which rubbed against her
and then snuggled down on her dress to
sleep.

(To be continued.)
JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR.
Fayette, W. Va.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

I am getting very old,
And my eyes are growing dim;
I have not long to linger,
I am going soon to him.

Soon all sorrow will be o'er,
And my heart shall marry be,
For I'm going home to Heaven,
And to my Annie Lee.

It was, oh! so very lonely
When my Annie Lee did go;
I felt I could not bear it,
My poor old heart ached so.

I would sit all day a pining—
Pining for Annie Lee,
I could not think she had gone,
And would come no more to me.

But I know it can't be long,
And know my days are few,
And soon I shall be sitting
Beside my Saviour, too.

Composed by
COURTNEY K. MEADE.
Mannboro, Va.

AN OLD CABIN IN THE WOODS.

One day this summer one of my
schoolmates and I decided to go out in
the woods. We came to the edge of
the woods, and there we saw an old
cabin. There was a very old colored
man sitting in front of the cabin. He
was all over very old, and his hair was
white. He began to talk to us.

He said that this old cabin had been
standing since the war. He said that
he had been living there eighty-five
years and had had eight new chimneys
put on his cabin. There are grape
vines in front and fruit trees all
around it. We looked inside of the
cabin. It contained one room with a
very large fireplace. This old cabin
looked very dilapidated, and I am sure
I would not like to sit in it during a
wind storm.

Composed by EVELYN E. DYKE.
270 Holt Street, Hampton, Va.

A LAUGH.

A laugh is just like music.
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The life of life departs.

And happy thoughts come crowding,
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music,
For making the life sweet.

LYRA RANSON.
Masonic Home, Richmond.

RHINOCEROS HORNBILL.

The rhinoceros hornbill is a very
curious bird, inhabiting Ethiopia, Aus-
tralia, and places in the Orient. There
are about sixty different kinds, some
as small as jays and others as large
as ravens.

Puzzle Department

COUNTY PUZZLE IN PICTURES.



What eight counted?
J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.
Richmond.

Jumbled Books and Authors.

1. Otemia, by Syena.
2. Vinohae, by Tocat.
3. Clueli, by Dehtirma.
4. Nodraeleon, by Blancekhoe.
5. Zlen, by Vasme.
6. Lhuabe, by Nevsu.
7. Lardyeon, by Novevanti.
8. Loriveltiws, by Cskidoke.
9. Marlo, by Tuloo.
10. Vadiid Mrah, by Cestotwt.

ESTELLE GATES.
200 South Jefferson Street, Peters-
burg, Va.

Answer to Gracie Turner's puzzle:
Alice, Helen, Grace.
ANNE B. COCKE,
Bremo Bluff, Va.

Jumbled Names of Cakes.

1. Acramole.
2. Hmmlotoe.
3. Writf.
4. Nigic.
5. Leyli.
6. Anweru.
7. Yany, eidi.

Answers:
1. Caramel.
2. Chocolate.
3. Fruit.
4. Jelly.
5. Jelly.
6. Walnut.
7. Jenny Lind.

ALLA WHITEHURST.
Tucker, Va.

Hidden Acrostic.

In mule, not in cart.
In whole, not in part.
In sash, not in dress.
In rash, not in less.
In swam, not in sank.
In ham, not in tank.
In glance, not in hit.
In dance, not in fit.
My whole was the founder of a re-
ligion. J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.
Richmond.

Jumbled Girls' Names.

1. Eeselinogo.
2. Deesrnla.
3. Oeeelnfr.
4. Loiraes.
5. Leesilbah.
6. Reimalece.
7. Theera.
8. Poeeisinh.
9. Gillaonr.
10. Niliali.

By GENEVIEVE LEECH.
910 East Marshall.

Transpositions.

1. Psalvorr—A bird that never flies south.
2. Acelm—An animal of Asia.
3. Rhnoerpoes—An animal that lives on land and in water.
4. Yavies—An animal that lives in water.
5. Larekmac—A beautiful fish.
6. Roteitmoscoab—A reptile of South-
ern Asia.

MARION F. BROWN.
15 South Pine Street, Petersburg.

Names of Schools in Figures.

- 13, 1, 4, 9, 19, 15, 14.
- 5, 12, 2, 1.
- 10, 15, 8, 14, 12, 1, 13, 19, 5, 1, 12, 12.
- 23, 6, 19, 20, 5, 14, 4.
- 19, 15, 15, 9, 14, 6, 5, 12, 4.

RYLAND BLAKELEY.
503 West Grace Street, city.

Answers to Curtilles and Behedings.

1. Jay doubly curtailed leaves J, the bird itself.
2. Cod doubly curtailed leaves C, a large body of water.
3. Robin doubly curtailed leaves rob.
4. Poa, a poet.
5. Giant doubly beheaded leaves ant, an insect.
6. Bear beheaded leaves ear, a part of the body.
7. Goldenrod triply curtailed and triply beheaded leaves den, the home of lions and other wild animals.
8. Hornet triply beheaded leaves net, something in which fish are caught.
9. Hornet doubly curtailed leaves horn, something that belongs to "Little Boy Blue."

By COURTNEY KITTLE MEADE.
Mannboro, Amelia County, Va.

MARY'S HALLOWEEN NIGHT.

(Continued.)
That night the children came. Mary
carried them out on the lawn, where
everything was ready. They were
playing games when Agnes Parr ex-
claimed, "Oh, look!" The children
turned and looked. What did they see
but a real ghost with a long, white
garment on? Mary said, "Let's creep
through the hedge and scare him."
"Scare him! You can't scare a ghost
as quick as one can scare you!" ex-
claimed Rose Perrot.

"Well, let's try anyhow," said Mar-
garet North.

So they all crept in the house and
each got a sheet and put it over them.
Then they took the five lanterns and
went out again. They all walked up
close to the other ghost and murmured
something low. The other ghost cried,
"Oh! Oh! Please go away, and I'll be
good!"

(To be continued.)
M. LIVISIE.

MARY'S HAPPY DAY.

Little Mary was only six years old.
Her birthday came on Thanksgiving
Day, so her mother gave her a party.
All of her friends were present.
One little girl in the village no one
liked because she was poor. Mary had
a warm, kind heart. She got away
from her companions and went in the
house and got some turkey and cake
and carried it to the little girl. When
she returned she felt that she had
made a sad one happy.

By ROSALIA BENNETT.
Swansboro, Va.

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